EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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THE EASTER SONG.

A Chapter from a Pastor's Experience.

ALL through the long hours of Holy Week we had watched the slow flickering of the lamp of life. The end, we knew, was drawing near. The patient sufferer, whose gentle and loving spirit had been a daily benediction in our home, had already bade us good-by, in the sure and certain hope that, in some happier clime, he would one day bid us good-morning again. The last night of the week had come. Dismissing all other watchers, we, to whom he was nearest and dearest, sat by his bed in the dimly lighted room. The final tone of the stroke of midnight had hardly ceased when the change came. Without a struggle, life yielded to death. Upon the still parted lips, through which the breath no longer flowed, and over the wan, pale countenance, there fell, as from an open window that looked into heaven, a wonderful and transfiguring light. We dried our tears that we might look upon the illumined face and feel the sweet peace that its features wore. Then, remembering that already it was Easter Day, we whispered to one another, "He is not here, he is risen," and waited for the dawn.

THE EASTER SONG.

It was Easter Morning. A mile away from the minister's house stood the village church, where, on other "Immortality Sundays," he had spoken comfortingly to his people. To-day he sought comfort for himself, — strength to bear his burdening woe. Brightly the April sun shone upon his path, and overhead the happy birds were singing from every bough. Nature's wintry sleep was broken. In the smile of the springtime she had risen as if to greet this Day of Resurrection. Often had the minister discoursed of Nature's awakening as a type of the rising of the soul to a higher life. But to-day this outward symbol touched not the springs of his spiritual life. The trees all a-tremble with their bursting buds cheered him not; nor could his fainting spirit respond to the jubilate of the birds. His thoughts had risen above the things that are seen. Shining into his soul, in that morning walk, like stars that scatter the darkness of the night, the great truths of religion brought a sense of comfort, as if then, for the first time, he was feeling their light and warmth.

In the little church the altar was snowy with blossoms, but the minister heeded it not. Even the Easter lilies failed to bear to him a message of hope. The service began with a quiet voluntary on the organ. Then the dear friend who stood in the pastor's usual place read with even more than his wonted tenderness the treasured words of Holy Scripture. Gently as the dropping of April's rain on the springing grass fell the showers of divine peace and consolation upon the broken heart. Then followed the calming and comforting prayer, in which thankfulness for mercies given was blended with submission to the Hand that had taken away.

But abundant as had been the solace of the sacred oracles and of the uplifting prayer, one thing was still lacking to the minister's cup of consolation. His saddened heart longed for the music of some dear familiar strain, such low and tender music as "keeps the place in heaven of what on earth is weeping." Soon, as if responsive to his inner call, the refreshing melody was given forth by sweet girl-voices from the choir. The soft accompaniment was like the sound of a harp; while the tones of the silvery soprano that first took up the strain came with such a gentle persuasion that the mourner's sorrow was silent, and his heart "stood still to hear."

> "It rose in harmonious rushing
> Of mingled voices and strings,
> And I tenderly laid my message
> On Music's outspread wings."

It was a simple song that was sung, — not then so hackneyed by vulgar use as it has since become. But to one heart at least, in the little village church that day, it was a true

Easter Song,

more comforting than any words or tones of the "grand old masters."

> "We shall meet on that beautiful shore
> In the sweet by and by."

No brook or bird in spring-time could carol that music to the stricken heart; *for it is a song of Christian hope*, the "hope that is full of immortality." It voices the soul's answer to the old, old question, Whither goest thou? "I go to prepare a place for you."

On the spirit of the sorrowing pastor, seeking solace for his grief, that Easter Song lay gentlier

> "Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes."

And when he returned to his house of mourning, still carrying the melody in his heart, he read there these lines from a favorite volume: —

> "And I heard it float farther and farther,
> In sound more perfect than speech,
> Farther than sight can follow,
> Farther than soul can reach.
> And I know that at last my message
> Has passed through the golden gate;
> So my heart is no longer restless,
> And I am content to wait."

THE GATE OF LIFE.

A STORY FOR EASTER.

BY GRACE D. PATTEN.

PATTY lay on the sofa with her face buried in the pillow, but she was very quiet. She had cried and sobbed, till she could cry and sob no longer. She was fairly exhausted. But her being exhausted did not prevent her thoughts from running on, and this is about the way they went: —

"I don't see why she had to die! We all loved her so dearly, and I had n't any other little sister, and Mamma, — Mamma had n't any other little baby. That minister at the funeral was just horrid! It made me cross to hear him say, 'The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away.' What did the Lord give for, if he meant to take away? That is n't the way *I* give! I know the baby could n't have wanted to go! We all made her happy here; and oh, dear! I was lotting so much on seeing her at the beach this summer. How she would have liked to play in the sand! It 's just as mean as it can be!"

But I won't write down any more that Patty thought. This is enough for you to learn that she was a very unhappy, and a very rebellious, little girl. Aunt Patience came through the room just then, and seeing Patty's figure on the sofa she stopped beside her for a moment, to say: "Don't grieve, Patty dear. Try to be resigned and cheerful, so as to help Mamma. It is hard for her too."

Then she went on, and Patty heard the door shut and knew her aunt had gone upstairs to Mamma, who was suffering with a nervous headache. But even Aunt Patience's kind words did not help the matter. Patty wished fervently that she had never been named after her aunt. It was perfectly horrid to have a name that always pointed a finger at one (figuratively speaking), whenever one was cross! How could she be patient, or what her aunt called "resigned," when there stood Baby Sue's chair against the wall, never to be used again; and her dear little body had been carried off to Mount Hope, and buried there beside Grandma? She should never like to go there again as she had used to, when Mamma and she went to take flowers for Grandma's and Grandpa's graves.

Just then somebody else entered the room, and Patty knew who it was in a moment, for a cheerful voice said, "Good afternoon, Patty dear"; and then little Patty heard "big Patty," as they sometimes called her ("dear Cousin Patty" as she thought of her), taking off her overshoes and putting them down on the hearth to dry, — for it was raining outside.

Patty did not reply, but she became even more quiet than before, if that could be. She was wondering what Cousin Patty would say; whether she also would talk of being "resigned."

But Cousin Patty did not say anything. She took off her cloak and hat, and laid them on a chair, and then drew up a low rocking-chair in front of the fire and beside Patty. Presently she put out her hand and smoothed Patty's hair, and then gave a loving touch to the little drawn-up shoulders, and Patty thought she heard her take out her pocket-handkerchief and wipe her eyes.

After a while she spoke, and what she said caused Patty to sit up and look at her in spite of the tear-stained face and the swollen eyelids. She said, very quietly: "It is very lonely without the baby, is n't it, Patty?" and Patty was quite sure there was a tremble in her voice.

"Here is some one who agrees with me," thought Patty, and up she got. She pushed her hair out of her eyes, and looked around for her handkerchief. Cousin Patty handed her a fresh one, and she wiped her eyes and sat still on the sofa, looking into the fire.

Yes, it was very lonely. There was no doubt about that. Presently she found her voice and said, looking Cousin Patty earnestly in the face: "It just makes me hate God! We wanted the baby ourselves!"

Patty had expected to see at least a look of surprise on her cousin's face at such a dreadful statement as that, for she had not lived eleven years without learning to reverence God, and she knew it was wrong to speak so. But Cousin Patty did not look surprised at all. She only said, "Yes, I know."

This was getting interesting. Patty sat up straighter, pulled her dress into shape, and made herself more comfortable on the sofa. Her eyes were wandering over the room, looking now so fixed up, with none of the baby's toys about, when Cousin Patty said quietly, —

"Did you ever see a chrysalis, Patty?"

"Why, yes — no — that is, I don't know," answered Patty, wholly taken by surprise.

"You know what comes out of them, don't you?" Cousin Patty went on.

"Why, yes — that is — don't butterflies?" she asked, feeling somehow all mixed up by these seemingly irrelevant questions.

"I have one at home I want you to see, for I think it will open in a day or two, and whenever I look at it it makes me think of Baby Sue."

Patty's eyes opened as wide as the swollen lids would let them. "Why, Baby Sue was n't a chrysalis!" she exclaimed.

"No, not exactly," said Cousin Patty, smiling. "Not any more than we all are."

"Why, Cousin Patty, what do you mean?" asked Patty, now thoroughly aroused.

Cousin Patty's face had a puzzled look on it as she said, "I 'm afraid I can hardly make you understand, dear little Patty. I wish I could. Of course you heard the minister, yesterday, call Baby Sue an angel?"

"Yes," said Patty.

"Well, an angel is the kind of a butterfly we make when we die," said Cousin Patty, with some hesitation in her manner. "You know we buried the little body at Mount Hope. Well, it was the chrysalis only that we buried. Baby Sue is an angel now. *She* is not put away in the damp ground. Do you understand me?"

"Yes 'm," said Patty. "Does she have wings like a butterfly?"

"That we cannot tell. Our eyes are not made to see spirits, — which is what angels are, — so no one ever saw the angel come out of the human body. But we are taught to believe that there is one in every human body, just as there is a butterfly in every chrysalis"

"But chrysalises don't move, and we do," Patty went on. "Are n't they little brown things, that look stiff and hang on walls?"

"Yes," said Cousin Patty; "that is true. But before they are chrysalides, — which is the proper plural for chrysalis, — they are living creatures, you know."

"Yes, horrid worms, and I 'm sure *we 're* not worms."

"No, we 're not worms, to be sure," said Cousin Patty, with a sigh. "I was afraid I could not make you understand."

"I 'll try," said Patty.

"Well, dear, you know I 'm not very learned, and the best way I can think of to explain the matter is, that an angel is probably as much more beautiful than you and I are, as the butterfly is than the worm."

"Oh, yes, I can believe that," said Patty. "I always thought so."

"Then, of course they must be so much more free. Butterflies can fly about, and their homes are among flowers and in the summer sunshine, while worms can only crawl on the ground. Don't you think you would rather be a butterfly than a worm?"

"Oh, yes indeed, Cousin Patty, any one would!"

"Well, perhaps Baby Sue would rather be an angel than a human being. We do not know much about it, but we believe heaven to be a better and happier place than this world, so, surely, it must be a happy thing to be an angel."

"Perhaps it is better than being here with Mamma and me, and going down to the beach," said Patty, thoughtfully. "I 'm glad you told me about the butterfly. I was thinking all the time of the rain falling on her grave, and it seemed as if I could not bear it. And then I thought how hard it was for Mamma and me, and Papa too, and I cried till I could n't cry any more."

"Yes, dear, I know, *I* have cried too. It does not do us any harm to cry. It only harms us to think hard thoughts of God, who knows better than we what is best for all. You must come over and see my chrysalis. And do try to be brave and cheerful, for Mamma's sake."

"I will," answered Patty, with a trembling lip, "but it is very lonely without the baby!"

Aunt Patience came in at that point, and said Mamma wished to see Patty, and that she and Cousin Patty must go home. So there was nothing to say but good-by.

Patty went in to see the chrysalis the next day, and happened to get there just as it began to open to let out the beautiful butterfly. She and Cousin Patty sat, hand in hand, to watch the wonderful coming to life, and all the time Patty thought of Baby Sue. When the butterfly was fairly out, it waved its wings as if to try them, and fluttered slowly about.

"How glad it must be to be free, and not to be a worm any longer!" said Patty, with eyes that filled with tears. "But, oh, I can't help feeling badly! Seems to me 't would have been better if we 'd never had the baby!"

Cousin Patty kissed the little girl, and comforted her as best she could, knowing very well that the time would come when she would see how it was best for all. And when Mamma saw how brave and cheerful was her little Patty; and how the quick speech, that had often before pained her deeply, was softened, and Patty was really becoming the "Patience" she had named her at the baptismal font, — Mamma, whose empty arms were always aching for the baby, saw where it was also best. And, by and by, even Patty began dimly to understand how it was better to have a little angel sister, than never to have had a little human one.

A great English poet wrote, some years ago, a noble poem in which he commemorated a dear friend who had died. He set down in it all his feelings at the heavy loss, — his grief, his tears, his sad and pleasant memories, his doubts and fears; and though Patty might not understand all he wrote, *he* would be sure to understand all that

Patty felt and suffered. We find in this poem these words: —

"The truth came home with bier and pall,
I felt it, when I sorrowed most,
'T is better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

But though he wrote of the "loved and lost," he knew that his friend was not *really* lost, for he calls him,

"Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
Mine, mine, forever, ever mine,"

and all through his great poem, he shows how a dear, dead friend can work good for us though out of sight, in making us ashamed of our imperfections, and filling us with desires to begin here that life of purity which we believe they lead, who have passed through death — the gate — into the New and Everlasting Life.

Golden-Text Stories. — No. 15.

MADGE'S TEMPTATION.

BY AUNT DOROTHY.

The spring term at Clifton High School was drawing to a close.

No one could be said to regret this circumstance; for, pleasant as the life there was, the days had been growing so radiantly beautiful of late, that it was really irksome to keep one's eyes intently on lettered pages while Dame Nature was preparing so many attractions outside.

Every one knew where, on sunny slopes and in sheltered nooks, the early wild flowers were waiting to be gathered; where, in the cool recesses of the woods, the ferns were unfurling their pennons to wave in the summer breeze; where tangles of vines and branches were fast growing into bowers of beauty, in which busy birds would build their nests; and that every crag and cranny in the charming country about held some sweet mystery, some beautiful secret, ready to be revealed.

But before these delights could be revelled in the dreaded examinations must be passed!

"Now, if I were Madge Conway, I should not in the least care," said little Effie Thomas, who, although she studied hard, was almost sure to be puzzled by some question put to her in recitation, and fail to answer it.

Madge, on the other hand, almost always got ten in her recitations, and passed perfect examinations. Bright, and with a good memory, she learned easily; and to her clear head the questions which were such a bugbear to Effie were a delight. The coming ordeal did not, therefore, appear as trying to her in proportion; but she was very anxious to retain her place at the head of the class; and this, the last examination of the year, seemed the most important.

The days sped on, and the much talked of week arrived. The examinations were progressing favorably, and they had now come to the last one, in the favorite study of English literature.

Madge sat at her desk diligently writing off the answers to the allotted questions. Presently, towards the last, there came a date about which she was not sure.

"Oh! when *was* that poet born?" she asked herself over and over again.

Then she remembered that it was just at that chapter in her review that baby brother lifted up his hands so beseechingly to be taken, that she could not refuse him; then some one came in; and that proved the last opportunity she had to look at her book. Must her visions of one hundred in everything all fade for this one little date? the place she had held so long and honorably be lost just for those four paltry figures? If her eyes could only peer into the desk where her book lay, and get possession of that one date!

Just at that moment came a knock at the door, and the teacher who had been superintending the examination was called from the room.

Alas for Madge! The temptation thus suddenly presented proved too great for her. In a moment the page was found, and the coveted date was hers; and when Miss Lawrence returned Madge was busily completing the answers, which now came readily enough to her pen.

Soon the sighs of relief on all sides proclaimed the difficult task ended; and gladly all said their good-nights, and dispersed.

But why was Madge, with the almost certain prospect of success in every thing, so downcast?

"What's the matter, Pussy — anything wrong at school?" asked her father at the tea-table, noticing her sober face. But Madge kept her trouble to herself, and it weighed upon her accordingly.

Early she retired to her room, but not to sleep. The circumstances of her deception kept repeating themselves before her, and with bitter tears she repented the hasty action. But could she give up the place that was so dear to her, and that she had held so long? No one saw her consult her book, or would suspect that all was not right and honorable in her obtaining a perfect mark in examination. Should she let it go, and keep her standing, or should she confess all? Her resolution was at last taken, and she fell into a troubled sleep.

Early the next morning Madge was with her teacher, and in a few words, accompanied by many sobs, the whole was told.

Miss Lawrence was shocked and grieved, but she saw how much Madge had suffered, and did her best to comfort her.

"I can sympathize with you, dear child," she said, "in the temporary loss of your position in the class; but that is nothing to the sorrow you would have felt had you kept it under those conditions. You will feel badly, of course; but the moral courage you have shown in confessing your fault and losing your place, is worth far more to you than that honor. Come to me, please, when my duties are over; I would like to have a talk with you."

At twelve o'clock the scholars assembled for their papers, and great was their surprise when they found the first place given to *Effie Thomas*. Almost greater still when the first to congratulate Effie was Madge herself, who came up to her with beaming face and outstretched hands. Such a load had been lifted from her mind that she indeed felt light-hearted and gay, and sincerely rejoiced in the delight of her friend.

Effie, of course, was radiant; and Madge only the day before would have thought she must have been proportionally wretched; but the happiest heart carried out of the school-room that day was hers. Madge had learned a lesson that she would never forget.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.

Contention for trifles can get but a trifling victory.

History and Biography.

AGNES, THE "LITTLE MOTHER."

BY MRS. LUTHER KEENE.

Away up in those English hills called Langdale Pikes, there is a lonely ravine, in which once stood a cottage with the strange name of "Blentarn Ghyll." An old soldier lived in it, and tilled his mountain farm. His cheery, bustling wife kept the house in shining order, and sent the children, in garments as neat as wax, to the school in Grasmere, the lovely green village where the great poet Wordsworth lived.

Early one winter morning, the farmer and his wife set off to attend a sale of household goods in a hamlet six miles away. They started happily that bright day on their long walk over the hills. Agnes, the eldest of six little ones, herself but nine years old, was left behind as little house-keeper. All went merrily through the day in her happy household; but when a mist came down on the hills at night, the wind moaned, and great snow-flakes began to fall, and the children grew quiet, creeping softly to the window to watch for father and mother. Darkness presently shut out the path; the "little mother" went gravely about, preparing the supper of oatmeal porridge; the curious clock in the corner struck one hour after another, while the snow came down thicker and faster; but no sound was there of the dear steps or voices.

Agnes stirred up the peat fire, and with a brave voice sang the evening hymns, trying thus to cheer the weeping band. When midnight came, she heard the older ones say their prayers, said her own, and lay down with them to rest. Morning saw the snow still falling, and the cottage so shut in by the snow that all they could do was to abide in it and wait. The brave little woman tried to think what mother would do had she been there: first, she wound the clock; then made fresh porridge; baked cakes upon the hearth; with the boys, brought in fuel for days to come. At night she milked the cow; finding her half starved, the children climbed into the loft for hay; here the boys cried for fear of the dark, so Agnes worked on alone.

Another long, listening evening; another day of storm. Agnes cuddled the frightened ones about her on the hearth, and kept them saying their prayers and hymns aloud. On the fourth morning the storm was over; the wind blew away some of the drifts; the brown stone wall could be seen, the guide to the road to Grasmere. Agnes, leaving her flock as well provided for as possible, made her toilsome way alone to the nearest house in the village. She was received with surprise, you may be sure; when her errand was known, the surprise turned to sorrow and pity. Many strong men turned out in search of the lost parents; many days were spent in vain; at last, by the help of their faithful dogs, the bodies were found in a by-path, the mother wrapped in her husband's great-coat, he lying at the foot of a steep precipice of rock not far away. Afterwards, the brave little Agnes told her story to Dorothy Wordsworth, the poet's sister, and the poet wrote some sweet verses in their memory.

The kind neighbors came to the children with offers of homes and help; one was taken into the poet's family. Agnes and the others found homes with relatives. The Queen herself, hearing of the little heroine's faithfulness, sent her a gift of money.

Our Letter-Box.

In Miss Brown's charming "Easter Exercise" she tells us how the flowers kept the first Easter, or rather, the flowers tell the story themselves. All that is, of course, only a fancy, — a legend, as it is called; but there is a *real* Easter, every year, for all things that grow, — a resurrection from the seeming death of frost and snow, the waking from the long winter's sleep. This resurrection is a joy and delight to all who look upon it with eyes that see. It means to them something more than merely that "the great, round sun" is shining more warmly upon the earth, calling all things into life; it stands to them as God's constant reminder of the life that is given through death. We are all little children to Him, and over and over again, like a mother with her little ones, our Heavenly Father tells the story of the wonderful awakening that shall come to all who sleep in death. It is this thought that makes the earliest flowers the dearest, and that gives such a warm welcome to the soft gray pussy-willows in their furry coats. They are the first tokens of spring, the beautiful Easter-season! We are glad to have the following poem for our young readers. What should we welcome with poetry and song if not the brave little "pussies" which come even before the snow has melted?

PUSSY-WILLOWS.

BY E. P.

Pussy-willows, silvery gray,
Pussy-willows are out to-day!

Throwing aside their warm, brown caps,
Up they start from their winter naps,

(Always a welcome, glad surprise),
To cheer with their sight the children's eyes.

They whisper of other buds to come,
Of birds returned from their winter home,

Of cool green grass, and the shade of trees,
Of babbling brooks, and the hum of bees,

Of butterflies with their downy wings,
And all the good things summer brings.

No stately flower in all the year
More welcome than the Pussies dear!

SQUARE WORD NO. 4.

1. Went into the ark.
2. A King of Judah.
3. Both first and second were.

A DIAMOND WORD PUZZLE.

My first is a consonant.
My second is a covering for the head.
My third is what we drink.
My fourth is used in writing.
My last is a consonant.

Waldo S., 12 years old.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 15.

Enigma XIV. Follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness. — I. Timothy vi. 11.

Charade V. Ruth.

Charade VI. Barnabas.

SQUARE WORD NO. 3.

Ton.
One.
Net.

For Youngest Readers.

MOLLY'S EASTER OFFERING.

BY KATE L. BROWN.

She went past the house every day, — the beautiful young teacher whom all the children adored. Tall and slender was she, with merry dark eyes and a soft color, that came and went with every burst of fresh feeling.

Little sick Molly watched for her night and morning, from her bed of constant weariness and pain. The graceful form in its dark-blue dress was the most beautiful sight that came to the tired little life.

"Miss Thurston, please won't you come and see our Molly? she loves you ever so much," asked a child-voice one morning.

"And who *is* Molly?" said Miss Thurston, smiling kindly upon the blue-eyed dot before her.

"She's my sister, and she's lame. She has to stay in bed all the time."

"But where has she ever seen me?"

"Oh, she watches you from the window. And every day I have to tell her just what you do and say. When you kiss me, I kiss her, and she makes believe it's you."

"Yes, I will come," said Miss Thurston, a sudden dimness rising in her dark eyes.

So that evening, just as Molly awoke from a brief slumber of exhaustion that had followed hours of pain, she saw bent over her the sweet face she loved so well.

"I have come to see darling Molly," said the bright, tender voice. "Is she glad to see me?" and the little face was kissed again and again. Poor Molly could not speak, too much happiness made her dumb. She could only hold the kind hand, and look with all her soul in her eyes at the dear teacher by her side.

Miss Thurston talked in her merry way about the school, and the children's work and pleasures. At last the shy little tongue was loosened, and Molly found herself telling all about the woes and pleasures of her lonely days. And she found a ready and sympathetic listener.

Ever after, scarcely a day passed in which the sweet face did not light up that sick-room. And the most wonderful things came with it, — rosy apples, great oranges, bunches of grapes, books, toys, — and one day a photograph which made Molly's heart beat quickly by its tender beauty. "Who is he?" she asked eagerly. And very sweetly and tenderly did Miss Thurston recite the story of the Christ — his loving service for man, and his care for every helpless thing. Molly's earnest eyes deepened: "I love him, I would like to do something for him," she said.

The spring came on, and one day Miss Thurston brought to Molly a great bunch of most beautiful pussy-willows. They were very large, with a deep rose tinge under their silvery gray fur. Molly fairly hugged them in her delight: "Oh, you darlings, you are just alive; talk to me, and tell me about the woods where you came from," she said coaxingly, as if the quaint things could understand.

In the mean time, all the children were talking about Easter. They sang the carols they were learning, and told her of the lilies and roses that would be laid upon the altar in the dear Christ's name.

Miss Thurston found a very red-cheeked little girl waiting for her. "What does it mean, dear teacher?" asked Molly. "Jesus is n't dead, is he?"

"No, darling, he still lives, and everything that is good will always live. You remember the cocoon I brought you once, and the lovely butterfly that came from it? That cocoon looked dead, but you found it was not. So our bodies may die, but *we* shall find a new body and live on."

"Shall *I* have a new body some day? Shall I ever walk and be well?" asked wondering Molly.

"Some day, God will give you all you need. We don't know what or when, but it will come," was the reply.

Easter morning came fair and cloudless. Molly had had a hard, sleepless night, so it was a very wan, wistful, little face that met Miss Thurston's anxious gaze.

"Teacher, I want to give the dear Christ my pussies," said the child-voice faintly; "they are so pretty, I know he will like them just as well as roses."

"But they are all you have, my darling," hesitated Miss Thurston.

"I *want* to give them, I love him so," said the child excitedly. "I know what Easter means now, — nothing good can die, — when the tired part of me is put in the ground, a new rested Molly will come up somewhere. Jesus came to tell us about it. Oh, I want to give him my pussies."

"I will take them," said Miss Thurston very gently.

So the lovely pussies went to church, and stood in a vase just in the centre of all the other flowers. But dear little Molly lay at home, and slept through the sunshine of that sweet day. It was afternoon when she awoke to a lovely surprise. The western sunbeams fell upon a picture hanging just at the foot of her bed. It was the face and form she loved so well, the dear Christ with the lost lamb in his arms. And on the table underneath, in a glass vase, were branches of glistening Easter lilies, mingled with her own dear pussies.

Out in the kitchen Susy was hushing the baby to sleep, singing over and over, "Christ the Lord is risen to-day." Molly smiled in happy wonder, as she met Miss Thurston's sweet face. And so with sunshine, flowers, joyous songs, and the light of tender faces, Molly's happy Easter faded to its close.

THE BIRTH-ANGEL (*See next page*).

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

FROM GRUB TO BUTTERFLY.

BY MRS. S. L. CLAYES.

If some eminent naturalist, like the late lamented Mr. Darwin, were to announce to the world the discovery of an animal which, for the first four or five years of its life, existed in the form of a serpent; which then, burying itself in the earth, wove a shroud of pure silk and wrapped itself within the garment until it resembled, to all outward appearance, an Egyptian mummy, and so remained, without food or motion, for two or three years; at the end of which time it burst its silken coffin, and struggling up through the earth, reached the light and air again in the form of a winged bird, — words can hardly express the sensation which would follow.

After the first doubts of its truth were dispelled, the scientific world would be full of surmises and eager for investigation, while the more unlearned would be moved by the most lively curiosity and amazement. All, without exception, would be interested in the history of such an unheard-of phenomenon.

"But," you ask, "why are you supposing, why writing, a thing so improbable?" Simply to arouse your attention to the metamorphoses of the insect world, which are as strange and surprising; to miracles unsurpassed by the imagination, which are actually taking place beneath our eyes, and which, because of their commonness and the minute size of their objects, are nearly unheeded by us all.

That butterfly, which flashes its brilliant colors in the sun, sipping, with dainty caprice, now from a deep honeysuckle tube, and now from the shallow saucer of a rose, did not come into the world dressed in all its finery.

When it first left the egg, and for months after, it was a worm-like caterpillar, crawling upon sixteen short legs, greedily munching leaves between its two jaws, and seeing the world around it through twelve eyes, so minute as to be hardly perceptible without the aid of a microscope. Now it has wings capable of rapid and extensive flights. Ten of its sixteen legs have disappeared, and the remaining six are, in most respects, unlike those of the caterpillar. Its jaws are gone, and in their place is a curled up tube, or proboscis, suited only to sucking up liquid sweets. The head has changed its form; two long horns project from its upper part, and instead of twelve eyes there are two very large ones composed of twenty thousand convex lenses, each, perhaps, a distinct and effective eye.

And this is but one of the many marvels — or miracles, if you will — which the study of insect-life reveals.

SPRING.

BY C. D.

Such joy does myriad-minded Spring
To every thread of being bring,
That tides of nature and of soul
To one eternal impulse roll.

Little she recks whether many or few
Of her buds ever come to their fruitage due;
But works in faith, and leaves the rest
To Him who ordereth all things best.

WHENCE AND WHITHER?

I. THE BIRTH INTO TIME.[1]

"Trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home."

WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm, white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all come just to be you?
God thought of me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought of you, and so I am here.

[1] See Kaulbach's picture of the "Birth-Angel," on p. 133.

II. THE BIRTH INTO ETERNITY.

"It is as natural for us to die as to be born. Death *is* birth."

WHERE HAVE YOU GONE TO?

WRITTEN FOR "EVERY OTHER SUNDAY."

Where have you gone to, baby mine?
Into a land of bliss divine.

What can you see with these close-shut eyes?
Sights more lovely than you can surmise.

What, with these pale, deaf ears, do you hear?
The songs of angels sounding clear.

Why is your mouth so set in a smile?
Smiles are to last; tears, but for a while.

But oh! with these still, cold hands and feet,
What can you do in that land, my sweet?

I have been clothed with a body new,
And, like the angels, God's work I do.

Tell me, what is that land of light
Where tears cannot flow and smiles are bright?

Words "cannot picture that world so fair;
Sorrow and death may not enter there."

And shall I, some day, when life is o'er,
Meet thee again on that radiant shore?

God's thought am I; His thought are you;
God's thoughts abide all eternity through.

ONE EASTER CARD.

BY MISS F. E. WADLEIGH.

Grandma Evans sat in her low chair, darning stockings; the three children were gathered around the centre-table, looking over a large box full of old Easter cards. Sophie and Nettie, who lived with grandma, were trying to entertain their cousin Ida, who was visiting them for the first time.

"What a quantity of cards you have!" exclaimed Ida, presently. "I never had anything like so many."

"I suppose that is because you have always lived way out in the country," answered Sophie pleasantly. "We girls at school exchange cards at Christmas and Easter, that's why we have so many."

"How do you keep yours? Some of the girls paste theirs in a scrap-book, but we don't like to because then you can't see the other side of them. How do you do?" asked Nettie.

"I have only four or five," replied Ida.

"You poor child! Does no one send you any?"

"Oh, yes, Nettie; I have had lots given me, but I always give them away to some poor children who never have any, or to sick people — folks in the hospitals like to get them."

"I could n't bear to part with mine, they are so pretty!" exclaimed Nettie.

"Yet, Nettie, we might give away a few," pleaded Sophie.

Nettie looked thoughtful.

"Don't you ever send any to the prisoners in that jail grandpa was talking about this morning?" Ida asked.

"To prisoners? Mercy, no! What a funny idea, is n't it, grandma?"

"Of whom do we think on Easter-day, Nettie?" asked grandma, by way of reply.

"Of our Saviour, Christ."

"Did He come into the world to benefit good men, or wicked men?"

"Wicked men, of course, ma'am."

"Did He ever say that His followers were to be kind only to good and happy people?"

"Oh, no!" answered Ida and Nettie together, and Nettie murmured, —

"Does n't it say, somewhere in the New Testament, 'I was in prison and ye came unto me?'"

"Yes, dear," replied grandma.

The three little girls looked at one another thoughtfully; suddenly Nettie began to count the cards.

"Sophie, there are forty-seven in your side of the box, and fifty-one in mine. Ida, you have n't had any, so you pick out twenty real pretty ones of mine, and send 'em just where you choose. I think those that have n't any verse, ought to have something written on the other side, don't you, girls? 'Happy Easter,' or something like that."

Easter-day, every prisoner in the jail in N —— had an Easter-card in a nice white envelope handed to him at breakfast. The two or three who were ill, and in the jail infirmary, also received them.

One of the sick prisoners, Ben Larman, who was serving a five years' term for assault with

intent to kill, was the plague of all who had charge of him; even the zealous, patient chaplain had nearly despaired of him. His nurse, expecting a volley of abuse or ridicule, hesitated to hand his card to him, but finally did so.

"Hello! Something for me!" he exclaimed. Then opening the envelope, and drawing out the card, he added, "Ha, ha! Whoever has been sending little painted posies to me? Well, 't will do to light a pipe with."

And, as he tore it into three narrow strips, he saw that there was something written on the blank side. He glanced carelessly at it, then he looked at it again, and then again, in silence; then, to the amazement of his nurse, a moisture came into his eyes, he gathered up the strips carefully, and put them under his pillow.

What had he read there? Only the words "God bless you!" written in an unformed, childish hand.

"Parson," said Ben abruptly to the chaplain, when he entered the infirmary that afternoon, "is n't there a verse in your Bible which says something about the prayers of the righteous?"

Not evincing his surprise at the man's serious question, the chaplain answered, —

"Yes, St. James says 'the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.' Do you refer to that?"

"I guess so. Well, parson, don't you think a child's prayer will count for something? Look! I got this card this morning, and the nurse tells me that three little girls brought these cards. Fancy any little child asking God to bless me!"

"Why not? Don't you need His blessing? Are you so good that you can rub on nicely without it?"

"Poor little thing, she meant well, but to ask God to bless *me!*"

"Well, why will He not? Ben, some day God will ask that little girl if she has ever brought one soul to Him; if she has, that soul will be a jewel in her crown; can't you try to help God to answer her pure little prayer?"

"*I* help God to do anything? What do you mean?"

"I mean that He will not force you to accept His blessing, but if you try — if you want to try — to receive it, He will give it freely. Ben, you are a strong, powerful fellow, powerful for good or evil; so was Saul of Tarsus, — you remember him?"

"Oh, yes; my mother read the Bible to me when I was a little chap."

"Then, Ben, take him as your model, and make an effort to do something for yourself; the first thing to do is to make up your mind that you want God's blessing, that you *will* have it, now and forever. 'Ask and ye shall receive.'"

Those simple words, "God bless you," haunted Ben; they sank into his heart and produced their effect. But his reformation was not instantaneous. It was with many a slip and stumble at first, yet at last the slips became fewer and fewer, the ground became firm beneath his feet. A kind word will sometimes soften the hardest heart.

Will the little girl who wrote those words, be surprised when she hears the King saying: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me"?

We should be as careful of our words as of our actions; and be as far from speaking ill as from doing ill.

Hope is healthful, life-bringing; doubt and despair are deathly. Therefore has God made the currents of life full of glad expectation. And to add to these earthly hopes a heavenly one, he has made the highest and best religion speak to us in a voice of divine hope, so as to fill our souls with a present immortality. — *James Freeman Clarke, D.D.*

We are all writing our lives' histories here, as if with one of these "manifold writers," — a black, blank page beneath the flimsy sheet on which we write, but presently the black page will be taken away, and the writing will stand out plain on the page behind, that we did not see. Life is the flimsy, unsubstantial page on which our pen rests; the black page is death; and the page beneath is that indelible transcript of our earthly actions, which we shall find waiting for us to read, with shame and confusion of face, or with humble joy, in another world.

Teachers' Department.

NOTES ON SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS ON THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS.

Lesson Calendar. — No. 29. Moral Courage. No. 30. Counting the Cost.

Moral Courage. The histories of all civilized peoples abound in instances of moral courage; but the world has seen no heroism that surpasses that of many of the Bible characters in both Testaments. The story of the Cross has kindled the bravest resistance to evil, and nerved the soul to do and to dare the greatest things for truth and humanity. I have seen a painting which represents an eminent surgeon, who, at the peril of his own life, is about to dissect the body of a man who has died of the plague. He is willing to face death if, by his discoveries, he can save others from death. As he raises his knife to begin the dissection, his eye is arrested by a crucifix that hangs upon the wall, and his whole countenance is that of a man who has been transfigured by the vision of a holy ideal. He, too, in the spirit of the Christ, will "give his life a ransom for many." The need and the glory of true courage were set before the first disciples by their Master in sermon and parable and conversation. "He knew what was in man;" but he also knew the power of an ideal to make men brave and devoted even unto death.

Counting the Cost. The need to-day in the Christian world is the same that it was in the time when Jesus was training his disciples for their work.

Now, as then, the "Captain of our Salvation" wants real warriors, not mere holiday soldiers, for his spiritual army. Or change the figure: character-building makes the same demands upon us that it did on those disciples whom Jesus personally instructed and disciplined; and the lesson of the Parable of the Builders has lost none of its meaning by the lapse of nineteen centuries. There are those all around us — perhaps we too are of the number — who are altogether like the foolish builder, — the man who is thoughtless about the foundation, and equally careless about the structure; who builds without forethought and with no sense of coming perils; who learns nothing from the experience of others, though men have known for ages that in building any edifice *thoroughness* at every step of the work is the only insurance against danger. And there are some men — an increasingly large class as the world grows better — who may fitly be likened to the wise builder who, when he sets himself to work constructing a house, considers first that his building will be strong or weak, according as he lays for it a good or bad foundation, and so not only starts right, but looks ahead and wisely plans for a safe and solid structure.

OUR QUESTION-BOX.

Has modern criticism made the Bible a better, or a worse, teacher's book?

A correspondent submits the above question, and the four following ones, from an English publication, asking for answers in Every Other Sunday. It is certainly more difficult to teach directly from the Bible in the light of modern exegesis and investigation. But whether that is "better, or worse," depends upon a teacher's view of the whole situation. It is more difficult if every thing is to be explained in detail, and old notions displaced. In a generation or two, if careful work is done now, the Bible will be an easier text-book than ever for the rational teacher to handle.

Have examinations in Sunday-schools been a failure or a success?

We can answer only for schools in the United States, and of our own faith. Examinations, written or oral, are not common in Unitarian Sunday-schools. They are quite well established in Trinitarian folds. Here and there among us some measure of success is obtained; but it may be considered exceptional to find anything of the kind systematic and thorough.

Should science be taught in the Sunday-school?

Yes, and no. As subsidiary to morals and religion, yes; as pure and simple science, no. In its right relations to the chief object and subject of Sunday-school instruction, science offers aid which no thoughtful teacher can afford to reject.

Does the providing of amusements fall within the province of the Sunday-school teacher?

Not to any extent beyond incidental and kindly efforts to bind together the pupils by some hours of recreation. In mission schools, however, there ought to be some regular arrangements.

Many Sunday-school workers are opposed to little parties for the pupils, where acquaintance and love develop, who quite inconsistently favor the distribution of gifts and favors, which amounts to bribery in many cases. A modicum of common-sense easily settles this question. A Sunday-school pupil is not necessarily any worse for having a good time once in a while. It is the teacher's business to make hay while the serious session lasts.

Is it right to expel a scholar from the Sunday-school?

In ordinary parish schools the exigency does not arise; in a mission school it may be found necessary, — it has been to our knowledge; but this act ought to come only after much tribulation.

What can I buy for my boy that will give him winnowed Bible reading?

A most excellent volume by Rev. John Page Hopps: The Bible for Young Readers, for sale at the Unitarian Sunday-School Society rooms.

Why do we not have tracts on Sunday-school work, etc. from your Society?

If all questions could be answered as easily as this one, our task would be light. Lack of money, dear friend. When the churches respond, and more widely support us, you shall have tracts and many other blessings.

Our Book Table.

NOTE. — *Books noticed in this column will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Send orders to* UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY, *7 Tremont Place, Boston, Mass.*

CLASS A.

Books for Youngest Pupils.

US. An Old-fashioned Story. By Mrs. Molesworth. With illustrations by Walter Crane. London: Macmillan & Co. pp. 240. Price, $1.25.

"Us" got into a great deal of trouble, and all through the natural consequences of a small deception, — the one step in the wrong direction which it is always so hard to retrace. Mrs. Molesworth has told the story in a very interesting manner, and gives us to understand it is a true one; which it may very well be. Let boys and girls who are inclined to treat the truth lightly read the book and see what "Us" (Marmaduke and Pamela) thought of its importance.

THE SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS WHO LIVE ON THE ROUND BALL THAT FLOATS IN THE AIR. With illustrations. Boston: Lee and Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. pp. 127. Price, cloth, $1.00; school edition, 50 cents.

It was with great surprise and delight that we found this book among the new publications. It had been a joy to us in our childhood, and had always remained fresh in our memory. We are glad the little children of this generation are to have the same pleasure, and we hope it will be long before the book is out of print.

EACH AND ALL; or, How the Seven Little Sisters Proved their Sisterhood. By Jane Andrews. Boston: Lee and Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. pp. 159. Price, cloth, $1.00; school edition, 50 cents.

This book, a sequel to that noticed above, has the same charm, and is a delightful addition to the great number of children's books now to be obtained. Miss Andrews writes as freshly as in her first books, and does not seem to have grown one day older, though some of her early readers have gathered a few wrinkles and some gray hairs. Her new work should be warmly welcomed by all young readers.

RIVERSIDE LITERATURE SERIES. A Wonder-Book for Girls and Boys. In two parts, bound together. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. pp. 196. Price, 40 cents.

Numbers seventeen and eighteen of the Riverside Literature Series contain six of Hawthorne's inimitable "Wonder-Tales," — "The Gorgon's Head," "The Golden Touch," "The Paradise of Children," "The Three Golden Apples," "The Miraculous Pitcher," and "The Chimæra." The book is well bound and the type good. Any firm who publishes good literature in good form at low rates is to be commended. To do this is to be a public benefactor. The two parts published separately can be obtained for the trifling sum of fifteen cents. Surely it would be a great gain if our children would read nothing but such good literature as this book of Hawthorne's.

CLASS B.

Books for Intermediate Pupils.

HESTER TRACY. A Schoolroom Story. By A. Weber. Illustrated. New York: Thomas Whittaker. pp. 267. Price, $1.25.

Hester Tracy was a young girl of fourteen, whose impulses were good, but not lasting; who loved play and hated work, and could not see why she should not always do whatever she wished to do. Some sad experiences, which came to her as the natural result of her own actions, and which, in one form or another, are sure to come to any one of her temperament, helped her to work out for herself a better and happier life. The story contains no cant, but is simple and fresh, and the characters are well sustained.

HALF HOURS IN THE HOLY LAND. Travels in Egypt, Palestine, Syria. Fully illustrated. By Norman Macleod. New York: Thomas Whittaker. pp. 341. Price, $1.50.

This is a very pleasantly written book. The writer takes a common-sense view of matters, even in a land which to him is indeed holy, and portrays all things in the light of the prosaic present. His frequent grouping of the important events of both sacred and profane history, which have been enacted on so much of the soil he visits, helps to fix those events in the mind and to make them and the places he describes more real. It might be found interesting to use the book in connection with the study of Bible history, as the descriptions of the present appearance of the land are both terse and vivid.

HOME LIFE IN CHINA. By Mrs. M. I. Bryson, of the London Mission, Wuchang, China. Fully illustrated. New York: American Tract Society. pp. 314. Price, $1.25.

Mrs. Bryson's opportunities to learn of the home life of the Chinese have been great, as she has resided among them for nine years. Taking the children from their birth, she describes their dress, food, games, school, home, and all their surroundings. Her description of the hold their superstitions and idolatry have upon both them and their parents, though it is only incidentally told, is specially interesting. The style is simple and clear.

CLASS C.

Books for Teachers and Members of Adult Classes.

WIKKEY. A Scrap. By Yam. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. pp. 75. Price, 35 cents.

Our Ladies' Commission would mark this pathetic little book in more than one place with "O. D." Yet the objectionable doctrine is only in the form, not in the substance, of the teaching. The lesson of the book is one that we each and all need to be taught, — namely, that when we earnestly set about the work of helping another soul to look up, we realize then as we can realize it in no other way, that if we would ourselves see "the King in his beauty," we too must look up with a pure heart and a faith that works by love.

THE STORY OF THE JEWS. By James K. Hosmer. Illustrated. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. 381. Price, $1.50.

The publishers of the series of books called "The Story of the Nations" have been particularly fortunate in their selection of Professor Hosmer as the writer of this third volume, — "The Story of the Jews." The book would be a valuable addition to any library, because of its impartial presentation of the subject, and its broad and catholic spirit.

The history of the Jews up to the time of Christ occupies only the first five or six chapters. After that we are told most graphically of the destruction of Jerusalem under Titus, the dispersion of the Jews and their fearful sufferings through the Middle Ages, and are then introduced to the spectacle, which is not new to the mind of any thoughtful adult, of the pre-eminence of this people to-day, in statesmanship, finance, and literature. Professor Hosmer has given an unvarnished account of the cruelties and indignities which the detested "Gentiles" have, even to the present day, inflicted upon the Jews. He has also shown as faithfully, the arrogance, the revengeful spirit, — "eye for an eye," — and the power of endless hate, that belong to the Jew. The reader sees why to them more than any other people of antiquity it was needed that Christ should come with his far different spirit, and loftier morality; he also sees that from that race alone with its remarkable intellectual and emotional powers, could spring the Messiah, that should be the "Light of the World."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

AN officer of the Unitarian Sunday-school in Harlem, New York, writes us that although the society has been obliged to sell its church, and discontinue its services for a while, the Sunday-school meets regularly in a hired hall, and is doing well. Not only are all the regular exercises of the school kept up, but the social interests of its members are looked after. Such a school deserves to prosper, and its persistence is a good omen for the future of the society to which it belongs.

We were so fortunate lately, as to be present at an Evening of "Merry Games and Songs," in the Sunday-school rooms of the Berkeley-Street Church, in Boston. The exercises were given by a large class of little boys and girls of the Primary Department, under the direction of Miss Lucy Wheelock, a favorite contributor to EVERY OTHER SUNDAY. As Miss Wheelock is a Kindergarten teacher, she naturally gives her Sunday-school pupils the enjoyment of such marching and singing with pantomime and tableaux as the child-loving disciples of Froebel have introduced into primary schools. Whether the entertainment gave more pleasure to the merry band of players and singers, or to their older friends who looked lovingly on, it would not be easy to tell.

REMEMBER that in all miseries lamenting becomes fools, and action the wise.

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